

THE
Antidote to a Mad Play,
Call'd
Richard, Prince
of Tyre.

A true Relation of the whole Historie,
Adventures and fortunes of the said Prince:

The no less strange and worthy accidents,
In the birth and life of his Daughter
MARGARET.

As it hath beene firste printed and sold by
his Maiesties Servants, at the Signe of
the Banck-side.

By William  Shakespeare.



Imprinted at London, by Henry Goffion, and are
to be sold at the Signe of the Sunne in
Paper-mister row, &c.

1770

1770



1770



The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre, &c.

Eneer Gower.



O sing a Song that old was sung,
From ashes, auncient Gower is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:
It hath been sung at Feastiuals,
On Ember Eues, and Holy dayes :

And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for restoratiues
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you borne in these latter times,
When Wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an olde man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.

This *Antioch*, then, *Antioch* the great,
Built vp this Citie, for his chiefeſt Seat;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.

I tell you what my Authors say :
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a Female-heyre,
So buck ſome, blith, and full of face.
As heauen had lent her all his grace :
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Inceſt did prouoke :
Bad child, worse father to intice his owne.

The Play of

To euill, should be done by none :
But custome What they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne;
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as o Bed-fellow,
In maryage pleasures, play-fellow:
Whichto prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe :
That who so ask't her for his wife,
His Riddle tolde not, lost his life :
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes doe testifie.
What now ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of Tyre, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vnder-take.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this interprise.

Ant. Musicke, bring in our Daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements euен of *None* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* raigned,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every Virtue giues renowne to men :
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were ever racte; and teastie wrath
Could never be her milde companion.

You.

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue,
That haue enflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince Pericles.

Pers. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht :
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard :
Here face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine :
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die :
Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupido* Warres :
And with dead cheeke aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus*, I thanke hee, who hath taught,
My fraile mortalitie to know it selfe;
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remembred should be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour :
Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you :
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then :
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous :
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

Peri. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,
But faythfulness and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers flesh which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father ;
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband milde ;
I, Mother, Wife, and yet his childe :
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will line resoune it you

Sharpe Phisicke is the last : but ô you powers !
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes.
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Faire Glasse of light, I lou'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate ;
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull misickie,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken :
But being playd vpon before your tune,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime :
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, vpon thy life ;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest : your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your sentece.

Peric.

Peri. Great King,

Few loue to heare the sinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a Booke of all that Monarchs doe,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cleare:
To stoppe the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes
Copt hilles towardes heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if Ione stray, who dare say, Ione doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.
All loue the wombe that their first beeing bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:

Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,
If by which time, our secret be vndone,
This mercie shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

Manet Pericles solus.

Peri. How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrate,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:

Where

Where now you both a Father and a sonne,
By your vntimely clasps with your child,
(Which pleasures fits an husband not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke,
Murder's as neere to lust, as flame to smoko :
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. Hee hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head.
He must not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there ?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highnesse call ?
Anti. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde pertakes her priuate actions
To your secrecie, and for your faithfulnessse
We will aduance you, *Thaliard* :
Behold, heer's poison, and heer's gold :
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to aske the reason why ?
Because we bid it : say, is it done ?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling
your haste.

Meſſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue flie after, and like an arrow shot
from a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth
leuell at: so thou never returne vntesse thou say Prince *Peri-
cles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols
length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your
highnesse.

Thal. adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Exit.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs; why should this chāge of thoughts
The sad companion dull eyde me! ancholy,
By me so vſde a guest as not an houre,
In thodayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe should sleepe can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,
And daunger which I feard is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme ſeemēs farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures Art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that paſſions of the minde,
That haue their firſt conception by miſdread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life by care,
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me, the great *Antiochus*,
Againſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſwear to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuspect I may diſhonour him.

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The Play of

And what may make him blussh in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state :
Our men be vanquisht, ere they doe resist,
And subiects punish't that ne're thought offence,
Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and soule to lanquish,
And punish that before that he would punish,

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.
2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till you returne to vs
peacefull and comfortable.

Heil. Peace, peace, and giue experiance tongue :
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that sparke gives heart, and stronger
Glowing, whereas reprooфе obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *signiour* sooth here does proclaimē peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leauue vs else : but let your cares ore-lookē
What shippings, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Heilscamus* thou hast
Moou'd vs : what seest thou in our lookes?

Heil. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face ?

Heil. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from
Hell. I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (thee.
Doe but you strike the blowe.

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for't, and heauen forbid,
That Kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience such grieves, as you your
selfe doe lay vpon y our selfe.

Per. Thou speakest like a Physition *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou know'st (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,
From whence an issue I might propigate
Armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare) as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants seeme to kisse.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares:
And should he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listning ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloods were shed,
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayd ope,

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprou'dst me fort.

Hell. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eies, blood frō my cheeks
Musings into my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releuie them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leauue to
Freely will I speake,, *Ariochus* you feare (speake,
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the Tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuate treason,
will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for
a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-
stinies doe cut his threed of life: your Rule direct to any,
if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Weel mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose letters Ile dispose my selfe.
The care I had, and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs we liue so round, and safe,
That tinie of both this trueth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true Prince.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Thaliard solus,

So, this is Tyre, and this the Court, heere must I kill king Pericles, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that beeing bid to aske what he woulde of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets.

Now doe I see he had some reason for t: for if a King bid a man be a Villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huiht, here comes the Lords of Tyre.

Enter Hellicanus. Escanes, with
other Lords.

Hell. You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of Tyre, fur-
ther to question mee of your Kings departure: his sealed
Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently
hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. Iffurther yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were
vnlicenced of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some
light vnto you, beeing at Antioch.

Tha. What from Antioch?

Hell. Royall Antiochus on what cause I knowe not,
ooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'd so: and
doubting least he had err'd or sinn'de, to shew his sorro we,
hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Ship-
mans toyle, with whom eache minute threatneths life or
death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I shall not bee hang'd now,
although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas
must please: hee scap't the Land to perish at the Sea: Ile
present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of Tyre.

The Play of

Lord Theliard from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely Pe-
rioles, but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord
has betooke himselfe to vnkowne trauailes, now message
must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to desire it, commended to our
Maister, not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as
friends to *Antivch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleon the Gouvernour of Tharsus,
with his wife and others.*

Cleon. My *Dioniz* a shall we rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if twill teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hilles because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eyes,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniz*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dion. Ile doe my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, or'e which I haue the Gouvernment,
A Citie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streets,

Whose

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Whose towers bore-heads so high they kist the clowdes,
And strangers nere beheld, but wounded at,
Whose men and dames so jected and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trimme them by :
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouertie was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. O tis too true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can doe by this our change :
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance :
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise :
Those pallats who not yet too sauers yonger,
Must haue inuention to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it :
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their Babes,
Thought nought too curious, are readie now
To eate those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping :
Heere many sinke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true ?

Dion. Our cheeke and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernour ?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bring'st
in

The Play of

in haste, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue descried vpon our neighbouring shore, a portly saile of ships make hitherward.

Cleor. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heire,
That may succeed as his inheritor :
And so in ours; some neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miserie,
That stufft the hollow vessel with their power,
To beat vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speakeſt like hymnes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meaneſt moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we leauē our grounds the lowest ?
And wee are halfe way there : Goe, tell their Generall wee
attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he
comes, and what he craues ?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace confiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as Tyre,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauie loade,
And theſe our ſhippes you happily may thinke,

Are

Are like the Troian horse, was stuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And weel'e pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, arise; we do not looke for reurence
but for loue, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankefulnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their euils :
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be seene :
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per. Which welcome weel'e accept, feast here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you seene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to incest bring :
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prooue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessitie :
Ile shew you those in troubles raigne,
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine :
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon :
Is still at *Tharsill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is write he spoken can :
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statute to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

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The Play of

Dumbesher.

Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with them: Enter at another dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to Pericles; Pericles shewes the Letter to Cleon; Pericles gines the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one dore, and Cleon at an other.

Good Hellicon that stayd at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad,keepe good aliuie:
And to fulfill his Prince desire,
Sau'd one of all that happens in Tyre:
How Thaliara came full bent with sinne,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsis was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so,put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been,there's seldome easie,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing allost,
By Waues,from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapan'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tyr'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore,to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind,Ra'ne, and Thunder: remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath.
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To haue bereest a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'lle craue.

Euter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say?
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Faith Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were cast away before vs, eu'en now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it greiued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they're halse fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they neere come but I looke to be washt.
Maister, I maruell how the fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why as men doe a land;
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last, deuoure them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who never leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

Per. A prettie Morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

The Play of

1. Because he shoulde haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his bellie,
I would haue kept such a gangling of the Belles,
That he shoulde neuer haue left,
Till he cast Buls, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe :
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her hony.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approoue or men detect.
Peace be at your labour honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vaste Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pittie him :
He askes of you that neuer vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?

*Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,*
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure : for heer's nothing to
be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue beene I haue forgot to know,
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on :
A man throng'd vp with colde, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffize,
To give my tongue that heat to aske your helpe :
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buryed.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. Die, ke-tha; now Gods forbi'dt, and I haue a Gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore mee a
handsome fellow : Come, thou shalt goe home, and weel'e
haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or
Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend : You said you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?

Then Ile turne crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggers whip't then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your Beggers
were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle:
But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you sir; doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why I tell you, this is cal'd *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir; and he deserues so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happie King, since he gaines from
His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a dayes iourney : And Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of
the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue,

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man can
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net,
Like a poore mans right in the law : t'will hardly come out.
Habots on't, tis come at last ; & tis turnd to a rusty Armor.

The Play of

Per. An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortuue, yet that after all Crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repayre my selfe :
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With this strict charge, euen as he lefthis life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*. it hath been a sheld
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Braye,
For that it sau'd me, keepe it in like necessitie :
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee :
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my ship-warke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
For it was sonetime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman :
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay you bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it: and the Gods giue thee good an't.

2. I but harke you (my friend) t'was wee that made
vp this Garment through the rough seames of the waters:
there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope
sir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had
them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme :
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.

Vpon

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonydes with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. Lord. They are my Leige, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whose birth, these Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing wonder at.

Thais. It pleaseth you (my royll father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merrit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Iewels loose their glory, if negleeted,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
T'is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thais. Which to preserue my honour Il'e performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thais. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: Lux tua vita mihi.

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Thais. A

The play of
Tba. A Prince of Macedon (my roiall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady :
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolera kee per forsa.*

3. Knight. King. And with the third ?

Tba. The third, of Antoch, and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry : the word : *Me Pompey promexit apex.*

4. Knight. King. What is the fourth.

Tba. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word : *Quo me ales me extinguis.*

King. Which shewes that beautie hath his power and wil,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

5. Knight. Tba. The fift: an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tryde :
The Motto thus : *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. Knight. King. And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
the Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliuered?

Tba. Hee seemes to be a stranger : but his Present is
A withered Branch that's onely greene at top,
The Motto : *In hac spe viuo.*

King. A pretty morral; frō the deiecte state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. Lord. He had need meane better then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend :
For by his rusty out-side he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whistocke, then the Lance.

2. Lord. He well may be a stranger for he comes
To an honor'd tryumph, strangely furnishit.

3. Lord. And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs feare
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shouers, and all cry, she meane Knight.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter the King and Knights from Tylting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth cometh a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes.

Thas. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuiers it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuiers the great, nor shall the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Joue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

Thas. By *Juno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauorie,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a staffe.

D

Or

The Play of

Or so; so let it passe.

Thas. To me he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.
Pa. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes sit like starres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
Where now his sonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkenesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of Men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And gives them what he will, not what they craue.

King. What are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royll presence.

King. Heere with a cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Mistresselips,
We drinke this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your grace.

King. Yet pause awhile; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruail his worth:
Note it not you, *Thasa?*

Thas. What is't to me my father?

King. O, attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Thas. Alas, my father, it besits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womeans gifts for impudence.

King. How? doe as I bid you, or youle mooue me else.

Thas. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

King.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

Tha. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.

Per. I thanke him.

Tha. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Tha. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage?

Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wrake, driuen vpon this shore.

Tha. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*; who onely by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

King. Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels?
Euen in your Armoirs as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not hatie excuse with saying this,
Lowd musike is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.

They daunce.

So, this was well ask't, t'was so well perform'd.
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippes;
And that their Measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)

King. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They daunce.

Thankes Gentlemen, to all; all haue done well;
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

The Play of

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings :
Your sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know you leuell at :
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding doe their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No Escanes know this of mee,
Ante hunc from incest liued not free :
For which the most high Gods not minding,
Longer to withhold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; euен in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him, a fire from heauen came and shiueld
Up those bodyes euен to lothing, for they so shounke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. T' was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft.
By finne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

2. Lord. It shall no longer grieue without reproofe.

3. Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1. Lord. Follow me then : Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. Lord. Know that our grieves are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your grieves, for what?

Wrong

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Heilcan*,
But if the Prince doe liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happie by his breath :
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out :
If in his graue he rest, wee'le finde him there,
And be resolued he liues to gouerne vs :
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,
That best know how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes. Liue noble *Heilcan*.

Hell. Try honours cause; forbear your suffrages :
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbear the absence of your King;
If in which time expir'd he not retурne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake.
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your search, spend y our aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto retурne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld :
And since Lord *Heilcan* imioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands :
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

Enter the King reading of a letter at one dore,
the Knights mete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

The Play of

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life : her reason to her selfe is onely knownen,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. Knight. May we not get acceso to her (my Lord?)

King. Faith, by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed herto her chamber, that t'is impossible :
One twelue Moons more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery :
This by the eve of *Cintbia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake it.

3. Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*

King. So, they are well-dispatcht :
Now to my daughters Letter; shee tells me here,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.

T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine :
I like that well : nay how absolute shee's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do command her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed : soft heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*.

King. To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet Musick this last night :
I do protest, my cares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to command,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musickes maister.

Per. The worst of all her Schoollers (my good Lord.)

King. Let me aske you one thing :
What doe you thinke of my daughter sir ?

Per. A most virtuous Princesse.

King. And shee's faire too, is she not ?

Per. As a faire day in Sommer : wonderous faire.

King.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Maister,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-master.

King. Shee thinkes not so: peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here; a letter, that she loues the knight of Tyre?

Tis the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:

Oh, seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.

King. Traytor, thou lyest.

Per. Traytor?

King. I, traytor.

Per. Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,
This sword shall prooue, hee's honours enimie.

King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolute your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any sillable that made loue to you?

Thaisa. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence?

Act.

The Play of

At that, would make me glad?

King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad o'nt with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection.

Aside.

Will you not, hauing my consent.

Bestow your loue and your affections,
Upon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

Aside.

As great in blood as I my selfe:

Therefore, heare you Mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay, come your hands,

And lips must seale it too: and being ioyn'd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieve:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?

Thas. Yes, if you loue me sir?

Per. Euen as my life my blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if't please your Maiestie.

King. It pleafeth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe yslaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fed breast,
Of this most pompous marriage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Queens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hym hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore, with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneele and gives Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lordes kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with childe, with Lichorida, a nurse, the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and Pericles take leane of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of Piricles, the carefull search,
By the foyre opposing Crignes,
Which the world togither ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and hie expence,
Can sted the quest at last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th' Court of King Symonides,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, he there hate st to opprise,
Sayes to 'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
I many shed the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreamp't? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

The play of

Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her nurse stie takes,
And so to Sea; then vessele shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moob'd
Varies againe, the grillee North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Ladie streekes, and well-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what ensues in this selfe strome,
Shall for it selfe, if selfe performe:
I will relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The Seas tost *Pericles* appears to speake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboord.

Pe. The God of his great Vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;
Having call'd them from the deepe, O still
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, dayly quench
Thy nimble sulphorous flashes: O how *Lychorida*!
How does my Queene? then strome venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the Seamans Whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Unheard *Lychoria*? *Lucina*, oh!
Daintest patricesse, and my wife gentle
To thosc tha crie by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauailes? Now *Lychorida*.

Enter

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Peri. How? how *Lychorida*?

Lycho. Patience (good sir) do not assist the storme,
Heer's all that is left living of your Queene;
A little Daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vse honour with you.

Lycho. Patience (good sir) eu'en for this charge.

Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. Sayl. What courage sir? God sauе you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. Sayl. Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kilfe the Moone, I care not.

The Play of

1. Sir, your Queene must ouerboard, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne; therefore briefly yeeld'er;

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere she lyes sir.

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must oewhalm me thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: O *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Paper,
My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid *Nicasden*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, wooman.

2. Sir, we heave a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. We are neere *Tharsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leave it
At carefull nursing: goe thy waies good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.

Cery. Phylemon, hoc.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get Fire and meate for these poore men,
Tas beene a turbulent and stormie night.

Serv. I haue beene in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.

2. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early,
Tis not our husbandry.

Cery. O you say well.

1. Gent. But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Having rich tire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golde slumber of repose; tis most strange
Nature should be so conuerted with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse and Riches;
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
Tis knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

I haue together with my practize, made familiar,
To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more cōtent in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour h'as through *Ephesus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themselues
Your Creatures; who by you, haue becene restored;
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euer your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chift.

Seru. So, lise there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tolle vp vpon our shore
This Chift; t'is of some wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. T'is like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open straight:
If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. T'is so, my Lord.

Cer. How close t'is caulk't & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tolle it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrēch it open soft; it smels most sweetly in my sense:

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreasured
with full bagges of Spices, a Passport to *Apollo*, perfect me in
the Characters.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Here I gine to understand,
If ere this Coffin drives aland;
I King Pericles hauē lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King:
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitic.

If thou liuest Pericles, thou hast a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chanc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night for looke how fresh she looks
They were too rough, they threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres liē dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said: the fire and cloathes: the rough and
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you:
The Violl once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The Musick their: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not beene entraunc'd aboue fife houres:
See how she ginnenes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Cases to those heauenly jewels which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praysed water doth appear,
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

She moanes.

Thais. O deare Diana, where am I? where's my Lord?
What

The play of

What world is this?

2. Gent. Is not this strange? 1. Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber bear her: get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt too, for he relapse
Is mortall: come, come; and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carie her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Pericles, Atharsus, with Cleon and Dioniza.*

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone, my twelue
moneths are expir'd, and *Tyrus* stands in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulness,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shaks of fortune, though they haunt you mor-
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (tally)

Di. O your sweet *Queen*! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be maner'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord,) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers dayly fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglecion should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleue you, your honour and your goodnessse,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried.
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vsisterd shall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath shore,
then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
winds of heauen.

Per. I will imbrace your offer, come dearest Madame,
On no teares *Lichorida*, no teares, looke to your little Mistris,
on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my
Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certayne Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I wel remem-
ber, euен on my learning time, but whether there deliue-
red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King
Pericles my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall
liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianas Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Morecuer if you please, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thar. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriuide at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and settled to his owne desire:
His wotull *Queene* we leauc at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

F

Now

The Play of

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the gracie,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for mariage sight: this Maide
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, she
Would euer with *Marina* be.
Beet when they weaude the fleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she wold with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too th' Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with monc, or when
She wold with rich and constant pen,
Vale to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Philoten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Douse of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vic feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayses, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Philoten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuey,
Vnles your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't,
tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou
canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeldc
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but
cold, in flaming thy loue bolome, enflame too nicely,
nor let pittie which euен women haue cast off, melt thee,
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here shee comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolute?

Leon. I am resolute.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weedes to strowe
thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes,blewes, the purple
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy
graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

The play of

borne in a tempest, when my mother dide, this world to me
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe you weepe alone?
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing,
Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it perces and sharpens the stomacke,
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your seruât.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee every day expect
him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all
reports thus blasted.

He will repent the bredth of his greate voyage, blame both
my Lord and me, that wee haue taken no care to your best
courses, goe I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe,
reserue that excellent complexion, which did steale the
eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home a-
lone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe
an houre *Leonine*, at the leaft, remember what I haue sed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray
walke softly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I must haue
care of you.

Mar. My thanks sweete Madame, Is the wind Westerlie
that blowes?

Leon. Southwest.

Mar. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſeſſes, did neuer ſcarre, but cryed
good

good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands hal-
ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that al-
most burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor windes
more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can-
vas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping in-
dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne: the Boatswaine
whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come say your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leor. If you require a little space for prayer, I graunt it,
pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare,
and I am sworne to doe my worke with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Ladie.

Mar. Why would shee haue mee kild now? as I can re-
member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I
neuer spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing crea-
ture: Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly:
I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept for it. How
haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie
profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but
doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you
are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a
gentle heart, I saw you late, when you caught hurt in par-
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do
so now, your Lady seekes my life, Come you betweene, and
laue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne and will dispatch.

Enter Pirats.

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part: Come lets haue

The Play of
her aboord suddainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These rogueing theues serue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue seizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile see further: perhappes they will but please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if shee remaine,

Whom they haue rauisht, must by me be slaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bandes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart by being too wenchleſſe.

Bande. wee were never so much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euē as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conscience to bee vsde in euerie trade, we shall never prosper.

Bande. Thou saist true: tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, But shall I search the market?

Bande. What else man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong wind will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Par-

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Pandor. Thou sayest true, ther's two vñ wholesome a con-
science, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that laye with the
li tle baggadge.

Boult. I, shee quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-
meate for wormes, but Ile goe search the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousand Chickins were as pret-
tie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to
get when we are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not iſ like the commodi-
tie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: there-
fore if in our youths we could picke vp some prettie estate,
t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides the
sore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, wil be strong
with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse,
neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere
comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a
virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I haue gone through for this peece you
see, if you like her so, if not, I haue lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult ha's she anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's ex-
cellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessarie of qua-
litieſ can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult.

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult,* take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that will giue most shall haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beeene get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mer. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he shuld haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mer. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mer. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mer. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I wasto die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mer. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and tast Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mer. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee bee, and I bee nota woman?

Mer. An honest woman, or nota woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mer. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bawd. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men stir you vp: Bowles returnd. Now sir, hast thou cryde her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boult. Faith they listened to me, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Bawd. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres eth the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Verollus?

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Bawd. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comining vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profit, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as ye doe, makes pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pitti-begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

The Play of

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your
Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with
warrant.

Bawd. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse
if I haue bargained for the ioynt.

Bawd. Thou maist cut a morsell off the sp't.

Bawd. I may so.

Bawd. Who shoulde denie it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments
well.

Bawd. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Bawd. *Bawd,* spend thou that in the towne: report what
a sojourner wee haue, youle loose nothing by custome.
When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good
turne, therefore sy what a parragon she is, and thou haft
the haruest out of thine owne report.

Bawd. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so a-
wake the beds of Ecles, as my giuing out her beautie stirs
vp the lewdly inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Bawd. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I stille my virgin knot will keepe.

Diana ayde my purpose.

Bawd. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will
you goe with vs.

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O Dioniza, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone ne're lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

Cle.

Cle. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I de-
giue it to vndoe the deed. O Ladie much leise in blood then
vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-
ith Justice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast
poysned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beeene a
kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say,
when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child.

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to fo-
ster it, not euer to preserue, shee dide at night, Ile say so, who
can croise it vniess you play the impious Innocent, and
for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule
play.

Cle. O goe too,well,well, of all the faults beneath the
heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Bee one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of
Tharsus will flic hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame
to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how co-
ward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approba-
tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow
from honourable courses.

Dion. Bee it so then, yet none does knowe but you
how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being
gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stooode betweene
her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but
cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blur-
ted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day.
It pierst mee thorow, and though you call my course vnu-
naturlall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it
greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your
sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say, wee wepe
after her hearse; & yet we mourne, her monumēt is almost
finished, & her epitaphs in glittering golde characters expres-

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs, at whose expence
tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thy Angels face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously
Doe swaue too'th Gods, that Winter killes
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.

The stages of our storie Pericles
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hic estate.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts groane
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while.
Your care vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mightie passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shewe,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe:
And Pericles in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaues Tharsus, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haire:
Hee put on sackcloth, and to sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out, Now please you wit:
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*,

The fairest sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeaer:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part aith earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flamed,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heauens best owed,
Wherefore she does and sweares sheele never fint,
Make raging Battarie upon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villainie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let Pericles beleue his daughter's dead,
And beare his course to be ordered;
By Ladie Fortune, while our streeare must play,
His daughter woe and heauie wel-aday.
In her vnholy seruice: Patience then,
And thinkey you now are all in Metaline.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Did you euer heare the like?

G. 3.

2. Gent.

2. Gent. No, nor never shall doe in such a place as this,
she being once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer
dreme of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's
goe heare the Vestals sing?

1. He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out
of the road of rutting for euer.

Exy.

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her,
shee had neare come heere.

Bawd. Fie, fie vpon her, shee's able to freze the god
Priapus, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get
her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Cly-
ents her fitment, and doe mee the kindeste of our pro-
fession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her maisters rea-
sons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Par-
taine* of the diuell, if shee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'll disfurnish vs of
all our Caualeres, and make our swarers Priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknesse for me.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the
way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised.

Boult. Wee shoulde haue both Lord and Lowne, if the
pecuynish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

Enter *Lysimachus*.

Lys. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to bleise your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lys. You may, so tis the better for you, that your re-
sorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome ini-
quitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie
the Surgeon?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but
there

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

there never came her like in Meteline.

(say

Li. if shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst
Bawd. Your Honor knows what't is to say well enough.

Li. Well, call foorth, call forth,

Bawd. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall
see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if she had but.

Li. What prithi?

Bawd. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse
then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Heere comes that whch growes to the stalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can allure you.

Is she not a faire creature?

Li. Faith she would serue after a long voyage at Sea,
Well theres for you, leauue vs.

Bawd. I beseech your Honor giue me leauue a word,
And Ile haue done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honora-
ble man. (note him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouvernor of this countrey, and
a man whom I am bound too.

Mar. if hee gouerne the countrey you are bound to him
indeed, but how honorable he is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing,
will you vse him kindly? he will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What hee will doe gratiouly, I will thankfully
receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord shes not pac'ste yet, you must take
some paines to worke her to your mariage, come we will
leauue his Honor, and her together, goe thy waies. (trade?

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beeene at this

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

The Play of

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (nameit.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long have you bene of this profession?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester at
foule, or at seuen?

Mar. Earlyer too Sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why? the house you dwelt in proclaines you to be a
Creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such
resort, and will come into't? I heare say you're of honoura-
ble parts, and are the Gouvernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you
who I am?

Mar. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearebe-woman, she that sets seedes and
rootes of shaine and iniquitie.

O you haue heard someting of my power, and so
stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee
prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke
friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:
Come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put
vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you
worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle
Fortune haue plac't me in this Stie, where since I came,
diseases haue beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the
gods would set me free from this vnhallowed place, though
they did chaunge me to the meanest byrd that flies i'th
purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,
nere drempt, thou could'st, had I brought hither a corrup-
ted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres
golde,

golde for thee, persuer in that cleare way thou goest and
the gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preserue you.

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill
intent, for to me the very dores and windows sauor viley,
fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but
thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for
thee, a curse vpō him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of
thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy
good.

Boult. I beseech your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but
for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouer-
whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we must take another course with
you? if your pecuynish chasteitie, which is not worth a break-
fast in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a
whole houſhould, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your

Mar. Whither would you haue me? (wayes.

Boult. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the
common hagman ſhal execute it, come your way, weele haue
no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse misbris, ſhe has heere ſpoken
holy words to the Lord *Lysmacbus*.

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to ſincke a-
fore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marie haue her vp for euer.

Boult. The Noble man woold haue dealt with her like
a Noble man, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-
ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult take her away, vſe her at thy pleasure, crack
the glasse of her virginitie, and make the reſt maliable.

H

Boult.

Boult. And if she were a thornyer peece of ground then
she is, she shall be plowed.

Mar. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures away with her, would she had neuer
come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne to
vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde? Mar-
rie come vp my dish of chaftitie with rosemarie and baies.

Boult. Come misstris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be.

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or ra-
ther my misstris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they
doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for
which the paindest feend of hell would not in reputation
change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cu-
sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholericke
fisting of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such
as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you?
where a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue
not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde re-
ceptacls, or common-shores of filth, serue by indenture,
to the common hang-man, any of these wayes are yet bet-
ter then this: for what thou professest, a Baboune could he
speak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods would
safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee,
if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can
sing, weave, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep
from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach: I doubt
not but this populous Cittie will yeelde many schollers.

Boult.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,
And prostitute me to the basest groome that doeth fre-
quent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can
place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them,
But since my maister and mistris hath bought you, there's
no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
find them tractable enough. Come I'll doe for thee what
I can, come your wayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house*, our storie sayes:
She sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes
Deepe clearks shee dumb's & with her neele composcs,
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry.
That euen her art sesters the naturall Roses:
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes shee none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the cursed Bawd, here we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him on the Sea, we there him left,
Where driuen before the winds, he is arriu'de
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'de
God *Neptune* Annall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence.

H 2

And

The play of

And to him in his Barge with feruor hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight,
Of heauic *Pericles*, thinke this his Barkē :
Wh ere what is done in action, more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Hellicanus*? hee can resolute you,
O here he is sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and
in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouvernour, who craues to come a-
boord, what is your will?

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come
aboard, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would
resolute you.

Lys. Haile reverent Sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-lieue the age I am, and die as I
would doe,

Lys. You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of
Neptunes triumphis, seeing this goodly vessell ride before
vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,
who for this threc moneths hath not spoken to anie one,
nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperature?

Hell. Twould bee too tedious to repeat, but the mayne
griefe springs frō the losse of a beloued daughter, & a wife.

Ly. May we not see him?

Hell.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, hee will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royll sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in Metaline, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonic, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battre through his defended parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abuts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoveries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein wee are not destitute for want, but wearie for the stalenesse,

Lys. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for euerie graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am prevented.

Lys. O heer's the Ladie that I sent for, Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock, I do wish
No better choysse, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,

The Play of

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, pro-
uided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered
to come neare him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her por-
sperous. *The Song.*

Ly. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Ma. Haile sir, my Lord lend care.

Par. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord; that nere before inuited
eycs, but haue beeне gazed on like a Comet: She speakes
my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall
yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune
did maligne my state, my deriuation was from auncestors,
who stoode equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath
rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and aukwarde
casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is
something glowes vpon my cheeke, and whispers in mine
ear, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall
mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I sed, my Lord, if you did know my parentage,
you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinkc so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me,
your like something that, what Countrey women heare of
these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliuere weeping: my
deardest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-

ter might haue beeene: My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Iewell-like, and cast as richly, in pace an other *Inno*. Who starues the eares she feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you live?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indownments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & tho' seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil beleue thee & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede: what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beeene lost from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thou-sand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and calld *Marina*?

Mar. You seed you would beleue me, but not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?

Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuert weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad fooles with all,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you
bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie,
and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleue me t'were best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleue you by the syllable of what you shall
deliuere, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts?
where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a viillaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*,
But good sir whither will you haue me? why doe you weep?
It may be you thinke me an imposturie, no good faith. I
am the daughter to king *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoc

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hel. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hel. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Mataline*,
speakes nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike mee honored sir, giue mee a
gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes ru-
shing vpon me, or - beare the shotes of my mortalitie, and
drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but
For truth can never be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles of Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfitt, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my
mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did
end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not
dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beeene by savage *Cleom*,
shee shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in
knowledge, shee is thy very Princes, who is this?

The Play of

Hel. Sir, tis the governour of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrase you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens blesse my girle,
But harke what Musicketell, *Helicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat,
How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

Hel. My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the *Soberes*, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Most heauenly Musicke.

It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust
belief, I le well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice, There
when my maiden priests are met together before the people all,
reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife, to
mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, & giue them
repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-
uest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow, awake and
tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddessse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee *Helicanus*. *Hel.* Sir.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike,
The inhospitable *Cleom*, but I am for other scruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, shal we refresh vs sir vpon your
shore, and giue you goldefor such prouision as our intents
will neede.

Lys. Sir,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooc my daughter, for
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our lands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee,
For such kindnesse must reliue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What minstrelsye, what prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thrimed,
That he is promised to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in nowise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you al confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei're wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my Country did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Tharsa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
Maid child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddesse wears yet thy
siluer liucrey, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at
fourteene yeares he sought to murther, but her better stars
brought

brought her to *Meteline*, gainst whose shore riding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne most cleare remembrance, she made knowne her selfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

Per. What meanes the nuni? shee diest, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble sir, if you haue tolde *Dianes* Altar true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerend appearer no, I threw her ouer-boord with these verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

Pe. Tis most certaine.

Ge. Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but ouer-joyde, Early in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this shorc.

I op't the coffin, found therē rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ste her here in *Dianes* temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I invite you, looke *Thaisa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke ifshee be none of mine, my sanctitic will to my sense bende no licencious care, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you speak, like him you are, did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

Pe. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

Th. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

Pe. I mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my father gaue you such a ring.

Pe. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindenesse makes my past miseries sports, you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more bee

scene,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Scene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Ma. My heart leapes to be gone into my mothers bofome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*,
thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

Th. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my *Queene*.

Th. I knowe you not.

Hell. You haue heard mee say when I did flie from
Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you rememb-
ber what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. T'was *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this
is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how
possible preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods)
for this great myracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom
the Gods haue shounē their power, that can from first to
last resolute you.

Pe. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer
more like a god then you, will you deliver how this dead
Queene relives?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee
to my house, where shal be shounē you all was found with
her. How shee came plac'ste heere in the Temple, no
needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer
vight oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betro-
thed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and
now this ornamēt makes mee looke dismal, will I clip to
forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to
grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir,
my fathers dead.



